Evening & Ledger

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Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia. MATRIMO AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS RECORD-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PRILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1915. It is getting so some people are afraid to go on Hving on account of the income tax, and

afraid to die on account of the inheritance tax and the undertaker's charges.

"Hitting the Trail" and After

TESTERDAY'S demonstration at the Logan Square tabernacle ought to convince the most skeptical that man is a religious animal. The instinct of worship is as old as the desire to propitiate an unknown and offended Higher Power. "Billy" Sunday's appeal was made to emotions which lie at the back of every mind. This is a Christian civilization, and all our education is saturated with Christian principles. The evangelist here is doing his best to persuade men to put into practice the theories with which they have long been familiar. The fact that 1140 men and women responded yesterday, when he announced that "The hour is come," demonstrates his power to touch the hidden springs of emotion in the multitude.

Those familiar with this man's work in other cities say that this is only a faint suggestion of what will be accomplished under his direction before the campaign is over, The city is certainly in need of moral and political regeneration, and if he can make it even a little better his work will be worth ten times what it has cost. If he can convince any considerable body of citizens that public morals are but a reflex of private morals and that a man who votes for the continuance of a partnership between government and vice and for strengthening the combination of contracting corporations and political machines which pursue that famous policy of addition, division and silence he will do a work which will leave no suspicion in the mind of any one that Christianity is a thing too fragile for everyday wear.

The Only Bee With a Buzz

TT DID not require a speech at Indianapolis L to let men who follow politics as a profession know that Woodrow Wilson is a candidate to succeed himself. That fact has been established for many months. It has been an open secret in Washington that the President is obsessed with the idea of a second term. His party ought to be obsessed with the same plan. There is not another Dechocrat who would stand a ghost of a chance. There is little confidence anywhere in the Democracy; there is some confidence in Mr. Wilson. He has impressed the country with his sincerity; his party, on the other hand. renowned for its stupidity. It is Wilson or nothing in 1916, so far as the Demorracy is concerned. His is the only presidential bee with any buzz to it.

Quit Insulting Sailors

CAPTAIN MORGAN, of the battleship Minnesota, will have the support of every right-minded man in his fight to protect the uniform of the navy from insult. If citizens who man our warships are good enough to fight our battles they are good enough to sit next to us in places of amusement, or to participate in the promiscuous sports in places open to the general public. Consequently, the refusal of the ticket-seller at a West Philadelphia skating rink to allow six sailors and a petty officer to enter the place is indefensible. If the facts are as they have been represented the management can do no less than to make ample apology to the men. And if it can escape so lightly it will be fortunate, indeed, for the State law provides a penalty of fine or imprisonment for those guilty of showing disraspect to the uniform of men in the service of the United States.

This is a democracy and not a snobocracy or a cadocracy, and every honest citizen is entitled to the same rights that every other citizen enjoys so long as he behaves himself. The sailors and soldiers of the nation should be welcomed to public places and made to feel that while they wear the uniform of the United States they deserve and will have the respect of every citizen.

Democracy of Death DEATH, which overtook the Russian Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch on a battlefield in Persia, did not know that he was a Grand Duke. And one of the most noteworthy social phenomena of the war is the discovery of the British in the trenches that noble and commoner are just men. Distinctions of birth and caste and wealth disappear when the soldlers are brought face to face with dread realities. Death, the great leveler of ranks, is sitting at the desk in the schoolroom of war, teaching a momentous son of human brotherhood, which it will take the nations involved a long time to

Escorts For Late Women

A police officer's duty should not be to arrest drunks, but to escort home women who may be returning late at night from a social function or a theatre party.—Miss Elizabeth Grisdale, of Clifton.

THIS important pronouncement was made at a hearing held before the Borough Council of Clifton Heights to consider the eraction of a "cooler" or "lock-up" for the lifteniana who come to Philadelphia, dine not wholly but too well, and then find themves in need of assistance when they reach their home town.

It comes with the shock of surprise to those who have thought that the mission of the allow in merely to preserve order. But the longer it is considered, the more there scema to he in it. If the police power of government an be extended on as to limit the number of hours of labor of working women, and to for it. That makes it unanimous, so let the perpent the sale of impure food and to pro- Bonnte go alread.

scribe a minimum wage for girls and forbid the employment of minors below a certain uge, why cannot it be used for the protection of lone and unexcepted females who find

It necessary to be on the street at night? It is much better to assign a policeman to see a woman home than to let the woman go alone and be knocked down by a drunken brute and then have to call out the whole reserve to find the beast, burden the courts with his trial and finally crowd him into prison with other offenders.

Miss Grisdale is right when she modifies the old adage and suggests that a policeman in time is much more economical than calling out nine of them when it is too late.

Stop It and Stop It Quick

THE MERE suggestion of an embarge on wheat exportations drove the market back I cents in Chicago. The speculators ran to

On Saturday also Washington was considering a recent note from London, threatening to revive its embargo on rubber and wool, and pointing out that "It is entirely within the right of Great Britain or any other Government to control its export trade through

The Constitution inhibits a tax on exports. The authority of the Government, however, to establish an embargo has been completely established. There is one major precedent for it, and there are many minor ones. Senators whose eyes are glued to the main chance and who are ready to trade the bread of the poor for foreign gold are thumbing the law books in a desperate effort to discover some technicality, by means of which they may keep the police power of the Government away from the speculators. They are following a blind lead.

A rise of one cent in the price of bread would be a national calamity. The struggle is hard enough as it is. See those long soup lines and that army of men unemployed. They live in a land of plenty, a land to which Providence has given bumper crops, and yet avarice proposes to ship so great a bulk of these crops to Europe that citizens at home must take the last cent out of their stockings for necessary food.

Nobody objects if the wheat farmers make money, although there is not a corporation in the nation that would dare take the profits found in \$1.40 wheat. The sleuths of the law would be after it, and its directors would be headed straight for jall. But the farmers are not the ones taking the profit. Most of them have already sold. It is the speculators who have sought the dearest market in the world and pushed and buoyed and coaxed domestic prices to its level. They care nothing about the city poor, nothing about the millions of working men whose fortunes are at a low ebb. They cry for their pound of flesh, and they have actually persuaded the Administration to ask for Government money wherewith to assist them in taking safely abroad in Government ships the food that ought to go into American mouths.

Send Europe our surplus. The armies are welcome to it and the speculators are welcome to what profit they can get. But when these gentlemen undertake to pawn the American dinner, when they make Europe's necessity America's necessity, and calmly tell the poor to eat corn bread, if they can get it, instead of wheat bread, it is time for the Government to cease all efforts to help these plunderers and rush to the defense of the

Not one bushel of wheat should be allowed to leave the country until the amount normally consumed has been conserved and pro-

The Further, the Cheaper

THE further you ride the cheaper it is" seems to be the principle underlying the exchange-ticket outrage in this city. The ramifications of the system are such and its abuses so many that Director Taylor has not been able adequately to present them to the city. An expert could be kept busy for weeks without coming to the end of the list. If the city be divided into, say, 20 great squares, numbered in order, it will be found, in many instances, that while it costs but 5 cents to go from square 6 to square 17, it costs 8 cents to go from square 16 to square 17. It is possible to get a very long ride for 5 cents and a very short ride for 8 cents. Like Topsy, this system has just grown up, the result of leases piled on leases.

The best feature of the Taylor plan is that it provides high-speed transit for all parts of the city; the next best is the fact that it assures a universal five-cent fare, and abolishes forever the irritating, unjust and pernicious exchange-ticket system. Philadelphia is itching for a chance to vote it out of existence, not in June but in March.

It's a hard time for whales when battleships mistake them for submarines.

Mr. McAdoo is by far the most conspicu-

ous son-in-law the nation has known. Certainly a man has made a good move

when he hits the trail instead of the booze, The five men who get jobs on the Federal Trade Commission will believe that it is a

good thing. Marine insurance is dominated by Lloyds. There are more ways than one of maintaining a commercial blockade.

Marshall P. Wilder always carried a smile with him. He needs no other epitaph than that he was the apostle of Joy and laughter.

This is the first time in the history of any country that statesmen devoted their energles to robbing the country of its food supply as fast as possible.

Prosperity, which has been timid for so long, is inclined to flirt a little more boldly with the United States. It will be a match yet if Congress does not interfere.

Director Taylor is right—the city is prepared, legally and financially, to go shead with the transit plans. The thing now is to see that it is prepared politically,"

Senator Penrose says that he and his friends have no objection to an investigation. The friends of good government certainly are

MILLIONS OF DEAD POISON THE LIVING

Europe a Vast Burial Ground-San Francisco Has Ordered All Bodies Removed From the City-Communal Mausoleums.

By VANCE THOMPSON

THE dead have been ordered out of San I Francisco.

A law recently passed decrees that all bodies buried within the city limits must be removed within, I believe, 14 months.

No wiser law was ever enacted. There is not one excuse for permitting the dead to poison the home of the living. New York city is dotted over with cemeteries-from the dingy and ancient graveyards that lie hidden in the streets and alleys of the lower town to the huge squares where the dead are "parked" on the heights of upper Broadway. Only last year did the legislators take a hand. They passed a law forbidding the establishment of new cemeteries in Greater New York and the "adjacent" countles-Westehester, Richmond, Nassau and Rockland. In the meantime the old cemeteries are being rapidly filled. The problem, "What to do with the dead?" will have to be faced ere long.

The latest statistics are to the effect that every 24 hours, world over, 90,000 people die They confirm the old popular theory that there is a death every second. Day in and day out, every time the second hand ticks some one dies. (It is a more cheerful corollary that every second one is born.) And the dead crowd the living. They lie thick in the cities. They throng the valleys and preempt the hills. They seize upon the fairest sites, and for them the most beautiful landscapes are reserved. And obscurely they mingle with the flowing streams and the running waters.

And we drink the dead.

What will Europe be after this war? The earth is sown with the dead; through the rotting earth the dead hands reach up to pull the living down-dead pestHential hands.

A Valley of Dead

In a corner of northeastern France there s a valley; when I saw it a few months ago the trenches spread a network across it and many of the trenches were already filled, A valley in the sunlight; and it was where they put the British dead. Thousands upon thousands of them; men of the Connaught Rangers and the Dublin Fusiliers, men from Kent and Sussex and Yorkshire, Gordon Highlanders; I do not know how many are there now. The day I was there the dead arrived in long processions. The living stood by and presented arms. A priest, his robes revealing the khaki beneath, said: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." Brass trumpets sounded the "Last Post." Somewhere a dog howled. The living presented arms, about-turned and went away. French peasants shoveled in the clods of earth over matter that was already running darkly back to the mineral kingdom.

And there the dead lie. They lie under a thicket of small, wooden crosses, with rudely painted names. Officers and the men they led to death; and among them lies "Ethel Fearney, of the Red Cross," a girl who died in vain.

This valley in France is typical of Europe. How many dead, think you, have been stuffed into the ground? A half million? A million? It is hard to get precise figures. You may be sure that more than you dare estimate have been put to earth-soldiers and civilians, and the lean, starved corpses of Belglum. And each one of those uncounted dead, as he darkens underground, is planning his revenge upon the living. As he lies there he has already begun to poison the springs of life. He is taking his vengeance on those who slew him, on the innocent and on those who are not yet born.

Did it need this war-this monstrous thing born of hate and arrogance and greed-to teach us the simple fact that the dead are notent for evil?

What goes out of a man when he dies, I know not; but what he leaves behind I know -and all the inexpressible degradations of the material garment he walked the world in. It may not be our business that Europe has poisoned the wells of the living with the awful dead-though I think we should have a word to say-but undoubtedly we should see in it a warning and a lesson

West Ahead of East

As I have intimated, the West is ahead of us, who are dwellers in the tents of the East, in this melancholy matter of dealing with what the dead leave behind them when they go otherwhere. They have, at least in some places, evicted the dead from the house of the living. And it was in the West that there arose the system of community mausoleums, which is the second best solution of the problem. (I say second best, for all sane thinkers admit that the best way to dispose of the corpses that fall to right and left of us-one a second-is to burn them wholly with fire.) Those Western reformers saw that a law of horrible inequality lay over the dead. The rich man lay in a marble and bronze mausoleum. He was shielded from helminth and scarabaeus. The poor man was fed to the worms. So, to give the boon of equality to the dead, they began, in a cooperative way, to build community mauso-

The plan was exactly that of the homebuilding associations, which are so efficient in the West. They paid in their funds little by little. In time the mausoleum was built; and the thousand members of the association each had a crypt in the mighty building, where his desiccated body, wrapped in a leaden shroud, might lie to eternity. The idea spread very rapidly. Today there are 150 auch organizations, and they have virtually completed all their mausoleums. The first to be erected in the East, I am informed, were those of Buffalo and Syracuse. A New York "community" has been formed and a mausoleum is to be erected on Staten Island. Twelve hundred members have combined to make this place of the dead a possible thing. A crypt in the mausoleum costs a member from \$200 up-in perpetuity; and for the member who is content to give to his ashes the factitious immerality of a funeral ura the cost is much less. The plan is a good one. The evidence lies in the fact that it is spreading rapidly over the country. These communists in death have even a magazine of their own devoted to their interests; even the smaller towns in the West have taken up the work, and it is bound to grow,

Science Condomns Burial

It is a new kind of social work and it reulres a moment's thought to see the immediate advantages. There is no question that ground-burial is a reversal to a lower form of civilization. The Greeks and Romans had got far beyond it and it was brought back again by bad theology-or a bad interpretazion of Oriental belief. Modern science has condemned it. What seems most certain is



WARMING IT UP

that respect for the dead should condemn it once for all. No man who knows what goes on in the grave would ever sentence a body he has kissed to imprisonment therein. Fire is the right, solvent. But the mausoleum is not without justification, and it has as well an element of permanency (in an impermanent world) which is lost in the rapid destruction of the flames. The body is laid away in the crypt with desiccating chemicals, which in a short while will absorb the 80 per cent, of moisture of which the body is composed. What is left is a dry, mineral effigy of the man who was. And that will remain for thousands of years,

It is a step in the right direction, this West-born plan of communal mausoleums. It gives those who lack wealth a chance to preserve the bodies of their dead in safety and splendor akin to that of General Grant, who lies in state by the river. And there is no reason why a mausoleum of this kind should not be built to meet the purse needs even of the poorest. The law should permit it; in fact, the law should decree it. Those who wish to keep togetherfor future explorers of our antiquities-the mineral remains of their dead should be obliged to place them in properly sterilized mausoleums. And for the rest of us-those of us who are not making collections of worn-out garments-there should wait the swift, beneficent tomb of fire.

Earth burial is due to false sentiment and false theology. It should have no place in a civilized community. Look abroad, if you don't believe it. For years to come Europe will poison the air. The dead are creeping darkly through all the rivers and streamstaking their vengeance.

THAT JEAN VALJEAN FELLOW

The Story of a Story That "Got Across."-The Influence of the Movies

TN THE course of his article in Harper's I Weekly on "The Miracle of the Movies" W. P. Lawson quotes a member of the National Board of Censorship as follows:

"I'll tell you an incident that came under my notice not long ago, because it seems to me typical of a certain kind of constructive spiritual influence of the film whose importance we are just beginning to appreciate. I was sitting in a motion picture theatre in Toledo, O., waiting for the first reel of 'Les Miserables' to begin. I noticed two couples directly in front of me, one a middle-aged man and his wife talking about their neighbors, the other a boy and girl talking about themselves. They would have been firting, I suppose, except that the ring on the girl's third finger which both examined now and again with much interest showed that their emotions had been standardized, so to speak. So I did not frown disapproval as I might have otherwise.

"'Who fs this Jean Valjean?' said the man after a pause.

"'I don't know, John,' said his wife, 'but

Sarah told me it was a swell release. "What the younger couple said need not be repeated. Suddenly the play began. The great dream of Victor Hugo lived again before their eyes. They were caught up in the sweeping movement of the story and carried along like leaves on the wind by the emotions the living shadows before them so vividly delineated.

"The old bishop forgave the felon and let him keep the stolen silver. The eyes of the four in front of me were wet. They entered the death chamber of Fantine with Father Madaline. They watch poor Cosette struggling with her load of water. They helped Father Madaline carry the little drudge from the home of the Thenadiers. Their hearts were wrung with pity as the pathos of Jean Valjean's life grew. Yet as the last reel ended the vision of Jean's real development, the ultimate glory of his life, shone from their faces and mirrored its own high colors in their eyes. The story got across.

"'I gotta do more reading," mumbled John as he groped for his hat. 'I wouldn't have missed this-not for a coupla bucks!"

"The younger couple said nothing as they left. The girl hid her sober, tear-streaked face in her muff. And on the boy's face, as he walked out with head erect, was an expression of faint awe, while his chin had a resolute tilt that spoke well for the fitness of his spirit at that moment.

"Now there is nothing here tangible, nothing that you can measure and weigh any more than you can measure emotion or weigh the breath of life. But if we could follow the thought planted in the minds of the four that night during its germination and development we might discover that its eventual resuits would prove extremely tangible. That is the sort of influence we know as yet very little about, but which I believe in time we will understand and direct for ethical ends We can deal now in practice with only the more obvious effects of the motion picture in the field of morality, but our standards are dynamic and we are trying all the time. to learn more and do more."

FRANKLIN ON THE WHITEFIELD REVIVA

A Freethinker's Impressions—Evangelist Was Accused of Sensational and Turned Out of the Churches-His Tabernacle

N 1739, just 175 years ago, George White-I field came here from Ireland and roused Philadelphia to a new religious fervor. From a much smaller city he drew audiences larger than any of the crowds that have heard "Billy" Sunday, and his fame traveled all over the country.

Whitefield's message and the manner of its delivery were so repugnant to many of the leading churchmen of the day that after opening their churches to him they turned him out. Then he preached in the fields. So conservative a reporter as B. Franklin said that audiences of 25,000 were not unusual. The evangelist was bitterly criticised for

his collections. Just as some critics of Sunday declare that he profits too much financially for preaching the gospel, so did the hostile critics of Whitefield attack him. But just as Sunday can make the people give freely, so did Whitefield make them "shell out." Sunday has a tabernacle that was built for his use. And the people of two centuries ago built one for Whitefield.

The impression that this man's preaching made on Philadelphia is described by the free-thinking Franklin in a way that is not only interesting in itself, but that has a special interest at this time. Franklin wrote:

"In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, who has made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher, He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a diske to him, soon refused him their pulpits. and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attend his sermons were enormous, and it was a matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them by assuring them that they were naturally half beasts and half devils.

Songs in Every Street

"It was wonderful to see the change he soon made in the habits and manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religious matters it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in the evening without hearing songs and psalms sung by the families in every street. "It being found inconvenient to assemble

in the open air, subject to inclemencies of the weather, the building of a house was no sooner proposed and persons appointed to receive contributions, but sufficient sums were soon procured to secure ground and to erect a building, which was 100 feet long and 70 feet broad, about the size of Westminster Hall; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected. Both house and grounds were vested in trustees, expressly for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who might desire to say omething to the people at Philadelphia; the design in building not being to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us he would find a pulpit at his service."

Whitetield Aa a Money Raiser

Franklin's story of Whitefield's ability to raise money for his own and special charities

is most interesting. On this point he said: "Mr. Whitefield in leaving us went preaching all the way through the Colonies to Georgia. The settlement of that province had but lately been begun, but, instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen, accustomed to labor, the only people fit for such an enterprise, it was with families of broken shopkeepers and other insolvent debtors, many of indolent and idle habits, taken out of the fails, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing the lands, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for. The sight of their miserable situation inspired the benevolent heart of Mr Whitefield with the idea of building an orphan house there, in which they might be supported and educated. Returning northward he preached up this charity and made large collections, for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an in-

"I did not disapprove of the design, but Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at great expense. I thought it would have been better to have

built the house here, and brought the dren to it. This I advised, but he was relute in his first project, rejected my com and I, therefore, refused to contribute happened soon after to attend one of his mons, in the course of which I perceived intended to take a collection, and I slig resolved he would get nothing from me had in my pockets a handful of eq money, three or four silver dollars and b pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I bezut soften, and concluded to give the co Another stroke of his oratory made i ashamed of that, and determined me to the the silver; and he finished so admirably B I emptied my pockets wholly into the colletion, gold and all.

"At this service there was also one of a club, who, being of my sentiments in rem to the building in Georgia, and suspecting collection might be taken, had by precau emptied his pockets before he came be home. Toward the conclusion of the a course, however, he felt a strong desire give, and applied to a neighbor who was to him to borrow some money for the purpos The application was unfortunately mades perhaps the only person in the company is had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was:

"'At any other time, Friend Hopking would lend to thee freely; but not now, it thee seems to be out of thy right senses!

Franklin Defends Evangelist "Some of Whitefield's enemies affected a

suppose that he would apply these co ions to his own private en who was intimately acquainted with never had the least suspicion as to his m tegrity, but am to this day decidedly of the opinion that he was in all his conduct a pe feetly honest man, and methinks that, testimony ought to have the more weight cause we had no religious connections. It used, indeed, sometimes to pray for my version, but never had the satisfaction of lieving that his prayers were heard. 02 was a merely civil friendship, sincers

both sides, and lasted to his death. "The following instance will show something of the terms on which we stood. Use one of his arrivals from England at Boun he wrote to me that he should soon come? Philadelphia, but knew not where he lodge when there, as he understood his friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was remone to Germantown. My answer was:

"You know my house; if you can sale shift with its scanty accommodations, powill be most heartily welcome.' "He replied that if I made that kind of for Christ's sake I should not miss my ward. And I returned:

"'Don't let me be mistaken. It is not Christ's sake, but for your sake," Whitefield had such a wonderful voice is

he didn't need an audophone to make crowd of 25,000 hear him even out of do The wonders of Whitefield's voice and his livery made Franklin an ardent admire Said Franklin:

"He had a loud and clear voice, and artis lated his words and sentences so perfo that he could be heard and understood great distance, especially as his audit however numerous, observed the most en silence. He preached one evening from top of the Courthouse steps, which are is middle of Market street and on the west of Second street. Both streets were filled hearers to a considerable distance.

among the hindmost in Market street 1 1 the curiosity to learn how far he could heard by retiring backward down the toward the river; and I found his voice tinct until I came near Front street, some noise from that street obscured it agining then a semi-circle of which my tance would be the radius and that it filled with auditors to each of whom I we allow two square feet, I computed that might well be heard by more than 80,000, 1 reconciled me to the newspaper accounts his having preached to 25,000 people is fields, and to the ancient histories of general haranging whole armies which I had so times doubted."

THE SEA GIPSY

I am fevered with the sunset, I am fretful with the bay, For the wander-thirst is on me And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing.
With her topsails shot with firs.
And my heart has gone aboard has
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder ut the sea.